

THE INQUIRER

INCORPORATING THE CHRISTIAN LIFE AND THE UNITARIAN HERALD

ORGAN OF UNITARIAN CHRISTIANITY
AND FREE RELIGIOUS FELLOWSHIP

ESTABLISHED IN 1842

REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER

No. 5709

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8th, 1951

Price Threepence

THE MIRACLE

The Truth

WITHIN the legend of Christmas there is a deeper miracle than commonly supposed. That is true of all real legend. The progress of religion is found in peeling away legendary material in order to discover the truth of the heart beneath. When the truth is discovered then men can build again upon it with renewed courage and high faith. The truth revealed is always more miraculous than the legend which preserved it. A far greater miracle happened in the Middle East two thousand years ago than any recorded in the early chapters of Matthew and Luke. In the teeming cities of the Mediterranean lived untold millions of slaves, unloved, harassed, disease-ridden—spewed out as it seemed to them by the horror of life. No homes, no rights, no thought or hope of rights, the animal of the master held to be of more account than they. It is not possible for modern imagination to recover the sense of despair of the past. All that has been lost in the uplift of the human spirit. All the untold millions have gone, and their story with them.

The Miracle Happens

Yet it was among these slaves, in the horror of their lives that the sublime and crushing truth came to life, "God loves you". This was no legend, this was fact, the fact of the experience of the human heart. The broken slave on the wharves of ancient Rome, the poor pitiable creature of Alexandria carrying a physical load daily greater than his own weight, sleeping with the animals, lying down exhausted in the gutter in the pulsing heat of the enclosed cities, only to arise again next morning until death should part him from his labour, it was among such men that the truth was born and the miracle accomplished. Into such hearts came the light and the happiness of the fact that, "God loves you".

No tongue can tell of the brutality of man to man. Even as these words are being written millions of men are being crushed in this world as the untold multitudes of the past were crushed. Hearts and bodies are being broken because some Moloch with high sounding names demands it. Today the names of the idol are Society, and—irony of ironies—Humanity, or even, It Is Done. Men today, as ever, are finding sufficient reasons with which to defile the bodies of their fellow men. Yet the miracle happens; within this horror, within the very depth of the horror, is born the miracle, "God loves you". And the darkness is shot with the golden light of the heart, and the truth burns with power that shall—when man wills it and wills it with the willing of God—transform the horror into the vision of God.

The Edge of the Night Be

This was the miracle that happened two thousand years ago. God metaphysically came to earth. Where there was the bittermost despair there God entered. The will of the slaves, and those leaders of the spirit who loved them, said that God was there; because that fact was the uttermost truth in

their hearts, the only truth they had. And they put God among the animals where they themselves lived; they gave him the serene and helpless form of a child, for that form was the only one where goodness, as they dreamed of it, existed; they surrounded the child with celestial glory, for that was the only glory with which they were acquainted; and out of the East, the Far East of wisdom and virtue, they brought the Wise Men who—in their dreams—would redeem their broken human lot. (And they knew their destiny, for they sent them back another way. Legal power was slaughtering the Innocents and the mothers were weeping for their children, "and would not be comforted because they were not".)

Yet the miracle was there, and because of it man today stands poised on the edge of the night be. He has to bring to his heart a new miracle, for man cannot live by bread alone but by "every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God"—and that is miracle.

The Questions

The constant cry to men, "be good", is not miracle, for men know all about goodness, everything about it, and with the greatest ease in the world they turn their backs upon it. The creation of the enormous idols of social worship, and the burning of incense before them in all the temporary trash of the nation-state is not miracle, it is the cold paralysis of the heart that looks to the idol and not to its own despair or the slaughtering of truths in its most secret place. There is no salvation outside the heart. There is not the slightest use in pointing the finger at the brother and saying, "I love you", when the heart knows full well that it has no intention of love, and will with the greatest ease bring the brother to the purge, the investigating committee, the world-plans of warfare, and all the haggard denials of love which, in their modern form, repeat the horror of those far off cities and the command which Herod sent that all the male children should be slaughtered.

Can man perform the miracle of discovering God in the newness of his heart in a day which is different from a day of two thousand years ago? Can the heart of the unknown man turn and seize the history of the world as it seemed it long ago? Can the heart say in innocence and faith, *this is true*, and act not in dead imitation of the past but in the burning fire of present experience? Can the men of the cities and fields be driven by a new truth and not by the haggard monotronics that call for their allegiance now? (As if allegiance were ever a word of life in religion.)

These are the questions before mankind. They are immortal within the present of time. They cannot be avoided, for avoidance only brings the grey ash of loss and the emptiness of a courage that never really knew how to act. There is no religion without miracle. Not as our fathers understood it, but as the pressing, seeking vision of modern man understands it to be.

THE LITTLE TOWN

By P. M. Oliver

"CHRISTUS NATUS EST." John Alexander Chapman in his Nativity poem pictures the cock crowing the glad news:

"With an eager, piercing sound
to the beasts that lie around,
And they question and reply."

"Quando? quando?" asks the duck. "In hac nocte" croaks the raven. "Ubi? ubi?" says the bull. "In Bethlehem" reply the lambs. It is a happy conceit. The very sound of the words—the "quando, quando" of the duck, the "ubi, ubi" of the bull—conveys as well as can be conveyed that atmosphere of the simple countryside with which men in their imagination have always delighted to surround the birth of Christ. True, he was born in a town. But all the emphasis of hymn and carol has been centred on the fact that it was a little town—the "little town of Bethlehem". Its narrow streets crept out into the sweet sanity of the fields. Even here he was cradled in a manger. Ox and ass were his stall companions: his first visitors shepherds from the star-bathed hills.

There is a real significance in this, for the atmosphere of the countryside was the atmosphere not only of his birth but of his ministry. It was on the banks of the Jordan, far removed from the habitations of man, that he saw the heavens opened and the spirit of God descending upon him like a dove. It was in the utter loneliness of the wild places of the earth that he faced his temptations and made his great decisions. The towns in which he preached and healed were, like Bethlehem, little towns. It was by the lake-side and on the green slope of hills that he preached his gospel. It was on the mountain-tops that he communed with God. And this countryside, which was the scene of his ministry, was also the inspiration of his teaching. His gospel, in its most significant heart, was a gospel of crops and of trees.

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In the end he went to the town. He went to the town, where green things were not. To the town built out of sheer rock, planned and fitted together, crowned with temple and praetorium, centres of spiritual and temporal power, or religious dogmatism and political expedience, ruled by authority and the mass mind of man. And the town crushed him. It crushed him and cast him forth, a mangled piece of flesh. Significantly they buried him outside the city walls. And outside the city walls he rose again.

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It is a strange thing that the Church founded in his name should in the course of history have become so much a thing of the town. Even the Galilean fishermen became centred on Jerusalem. St. Paul, though he saw the light in the open fields on the road to Damascus, spent his life journeying from Antioch to Ephesus, from Corinth to Athens, with the lure of Rome, Rome, Rome, ever before his eyes. The people of the countryside, they who had heard the good news gladly and understood the symbolism of the seed, remained untouched. "Let not bishops", said the Council of Laodicea, "be appointed in villages and country places." Thus in the village and on the heath, years after the light had broken uncertainly on the market-place, the old cults of the gods lived on in the twilight of the countryside; while in the towns, simply because they were towns, the gospel of the seed became ever more encrusted with the Dead Sea salts of dogmatism.

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In Britain a valiant attempt was made to return to the spirit and atmosphere of the Galilean ministry. While St. Augustine and his missionaries from Rome set up their episcopal thrones in Canterbury, Rochester, London and York, the Church of Iona, sweeping faith with the freshness of the West wind from its island home, established its missionary centre on the sea-girt rock of Lindisfarne. The native English followed its example. Sprung out of their mouth the Council of Laodicea with the same contempt for Laodiceans as had been sanctioned by St. John of the Revelation, they cited the early centres of their faith in remote country places such as Bradwell, Rambsay and Sherborne. These were the counter-

parts on English soil of the Galilean villages; and, had the native English been able to resist the growing authority of Rome, the spirit of Iona in its full sweetness might have given birth on English soil to the counterpart of the Galilean mission. But it was not to be. With the coming of the Norman, pre-eminent as organiser in things spiritual and temporal, the Church became once again a Church of the town, a Church of splendid cathedrals and bishops' palaces, of dogma and discipline, a building every part of which was compact and fitted together. The authority of Rome might in time yield to the authority of Whitehall, but the Church remained a Church of the town, a thing of stone—stones magnificent but dead—behind whose immutable walls men might find cowardly shelter from the free winds of the Spirit. A thing of walls, and not a tree, magnificent and alive, sprung from a seed sown in the ground, nourished by rain and sun, and spreading forth its branches into the air. Walls and trees. Man never made a thing more significant than a wall. God never made a thing more significant—or lovelier—than a tree.

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The Church remained a Church of the town until, by a happy stroke of fortune—the passing of the Five Mile Act, the exact reverse of the Council of Laodicea—drove young Nonconformity back into the countryside.

Devised as a means of repression, it gave the Nonconformist freedom. It gave him freedom from the town, centre of organisation and dogma and the mass mind. It gave him the freedom of the countryside, where man is near to the creations of God and the seed grows secretly. How much in historical fact we owe our continuing escape from authority, how much we owe our belief in the free growth of the spirit to this early and brief contact with the countryside it is for wiser minds than mine to say. But the symbol remains. Our ancient meeting-houses, objects of so much reverent affection, are the direct successors of the village cathedrals of mediæval England and the sea-girt rock of Lindisfarne, as these in their turn were the direct successors of the Galilean ministry. Over the wide leap of centuries the mantle of that mission is fallen upon us. May we be faithful to so great a heritage!

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There is no better season of the year in which to renew this faith than the time of Christmas, festival of birth. Let us therefore in the Spirit take our way from the town. Let us go forth to the wind-swept hills of Bethlehem. Here once again above the angel-voices loud chanicleer calls forth that Christ is born. And when the ducks ask "quando, quando?" and the bull lows "ubi, ubi?"—when and where?—let our reply be this: "Whenever and wherever the seed is sown in the receptive heart of man".

A MESSAGE FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE WOMEN'S LEAGUE

Mrs. A. D. Mitchell

AS National President of the Women's League, it is my privilege to send Christmas greetings and good wishes from our members to the readers of THE INQUIRER.

At this festive season, we become more than ever conscious that the world is full of cruelty, and that kindness and goodwill are sadly lacking between men and nations. Yet we can still find evidence that Christmas continues to bring out the best in human nature. Gifts involving sacrifice on the part of the giver are willingly offered, old friends are remembered, the sick and lonely are visited and children are made happy even in the most adverse circumstances.

These homely expressions of practical Christianity give us grounds for hope in an age that is all too inclined to cynicism and indifference.

We in the Women's League are continually trying to extend the bounds of fellowship and service among our own members and in the community. Amid the conflicting influences of these difficult times, we joyfully welcome the message of the courageous Christmas spirit which challenges the voices of despair. It is our conviction that every act of devotion, every desire to increase the happiness of others is helping in some measure to bring nearer that peace on earth which is the essence of the traditional Christmas message.

A LONG JOURNEY

By Lawrence Redfern

*A cold coming we had of it
Just the worst time of the year
For a journey, and such a long journey,
The ways deep and the weather sharp
The very dead of winter.*

IN THESE words, according to T. S. Eliot, the Wise Men described their journey to the cradle, and for all of us, as for Eliot and John Milton, it belongs to the poetry of Christmas, that the festival should fall in mid-winter. Snow and frost are needed to draw us more happily around the brightly burning fire and to give the holly berries their glow and lustre.

Cold without and warmth within, these are the indispensable conditions for a real Christmas, a divine subdual of the rigours of the natural world. We have no doubt that under the Southern Cross, all that is of the essence of the day may be felt as vividly as here, as they celebrate it on the beaches in the open air. For them Christ comes when the sun is hot and the light is full and the earth is rioting with flowers, and these conditions of light and comfort, might almost suggest to his followers that he should have been born in a palace rather than a stable. The thought of a light shining in darkness and a star that drew the Wise Men as they journeyed through the night and found the cradle of a wisdom greater than the worlds, must seem to them only as a parable. To us in mid-winter, as the December days close in, it seems as if Nature were in league with man to remind him of his need and to stimulate him to a divine campaign for victory over the rigours of the world. A cold coming we have of it.

But darkness and cold also come to the world out of the hearts of men in their folly, and Christmas forbids despair by proclaiming that this same heart of man may be the vehicle of warmth and light. It breaks into the long winter and quickens the spirit of life.

Many things have changed. The Dickensian Christmas has gone. Austerity has swept away the groaning boards and the flowing bowls. Mr. Pickwick's barrels of native oysters and the mighty bowl of wassail that awaited him, are gone like many other gargantuan pleasures. A cold coming we have of it, so cold that we even talk about a "cold war", with great blocks of power like icebergs in their terror for peaceful shipping, grinding and crashing one against the other. There are moments when we bemoan our times and sigh for the days when Christmas was Christmas indeed.

But this spirit will never do, because it lacks both the sanction of reason and history. Perhaps we live too much in the recollection of the stability of the Victorian Age when the thin crust of prosperity was spread over a multitude of hard lives. The truth is that except in brief periods in a few places, human life has always been precarious and death and destruction always on the watch. We have never lived easily for long, and the age-long struggle out of which our precarious glories have sprung—and they are the finest in the world—has hardly ever left a Christmas without its shadow.

The first Christmas of all was celebrated in an occupied country and was followed by a massacre. Five hundred years later found Rome prostrate and Europe in the grip of cruel and wandering peoples. In the full tide of the Renaissance, a Borgia ruled in Rome and a Machiavelli was serving Florence. No quiet and static civilisation is ours. We have always lived dangerously and kept our senses with our ears alert for the watchman's call of danger.

At the same time we have never harboured the despair of the pessimist who believes that the chain of perils is endless and without purpose. Such pessimism is a denial of the living faith that has upheld the race of men through all its tragedies. With a greater insight into the world's dilemma than any previous generation ever possessed, we believe that we do not carry the burden of this darkened world alone. The Christmas message is not comprised in a few word-pictures, lovely and memorable though they be. It goes much deeper. It touches the very foundation of human

life, and the present plight of the world so far from making it unseasonable or a mockery, increases enormously its value and importance. It teaches man's need of God and God's need of man. In the past there might be doubts about the consequences that would follow if society organised itself without regard to the Christian code and without respect and reverence for God. There are no doubts now. The consequences are plain for all the world to see. Who shall dare to say that the deep fundamental truth of the Christmas message has become obsolete? And it would add to the richness of the festival and to our enjoyment of it, if we were to spend some part of the leisure which Christmas allows in pondering what the Christmas message implies, in the future of our country, in the conduct of public affairs, in the home life of its citizens and above all, in the education of its children.

No contrast could seem stronger than that between the Child of Bethlehem and the power of the world. From the day when Herod planned to kill him to the day when Pilate helped to send him to the Cross, his weakness was despised by his enemies. For the same reason his followers were scorned. When in course of time they came into conflict with the greatest Empire the world had known, the extirpation of Christianity seemed certain. It could not possibly survive an organised attack by the majestic power arrayed against it. Religions might come and go, but the Empire would last as long as time itself. But the Empire fell. Christianity survived.

And if the wise men and the shepherds had a cold coming of it, and at the end of the journey saw human weakness in a cradle, they saw also divine goodness and love, and these Christmas gifts of God to the world are beyond the power of men to destroy.

So amid our lamentations and the coldness of the journey through a world whose ways are deep and the weather sharp, the very dead of winter, let us reflect on the Bethlehem story and remember that the humble and obscure beginning may, by the power of God, grow into something which transforms the world.

Even the lugubrious Gabriel Grub was compelled by beneficent demons to take a cheerful view of things on Christmas Day. "Setting all the good of the world against the evil, he came to the conclusion that it was a very decent and respectable world after all."

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S LEAGUE

Miss Edith Lee

I IMAGINE that when this issue of THE INQUIRER comes to hand all members of our movement, old and young alike, will be busily occupied preparing for Christmas, both at home, at school and in church. I know that the members of U.Y.P.L., in the North, whilst rehearsing for Nativity Plays to be presented in churches, will also be planning just how much can be squeezed into the programmes for Regional Christmas parties.

We really do go all out to make this Festive Season a happy time, remembering old friends and acquaintances, welcoming new faces, making our peace with the world, possibly paying more than usual attention to our Religious observances, and resolving to keep up the good work in the immediate year ahead. After New Year festivities are completed the anti-climax sets in, our good intentions seem to slide, and we find ourselves back in our own little circle, quite content to do our small share of work when called upon.

To young people especially, I would ask that at this time of the celebration of the Birth of Jesus, whom we do look upon as our religious leader, they think of the work and service He did for mankind.

Can we not all go forward to meet 1952 resolved to do our very best in all walks of life, and to show Mr. Christmas that we have a spirit of high adventure, missionary zeal and imaginative planning which will enable us to bring forward as shining, if not a better story, than the one he found on his recent trip to America. The remedy is in your hands.

THE SMOKY PINE OF PROPHECY

By Leonard Mason

(Minister of the Great Meeting, Leicester)

IN THE immediate affairs of men and of nations we have no Star of Bethlehem to give infallible light and guidance across the year to come:

"Our knowledge is a torch of smoky pine
That lights the pathway but one step ahead
Across a void of mystery and dread."

With that smoky torch let us look no more than one step ahead to what we can reasonably and hopefully visualise by Christmas, 1952.

The torch is particularly smoky in its effort to reveal the course of our domestic affairs for we have little vision of what the new Government proposes to do. The election propaganda is no safe guide because so many of the expectations then envisaged have already been deferred: the housing target, the removal of controls, the hope of ending bulk purchasing, the restoration of the University vote, the increase in the food ration; all have had to give way before the stringency of our economic burdens and of our new military commitments. The Government needs to re-think its policy, and while the introspection is taking place it is not easy to predict how events might transpire.

This is normally a fallow period in political prophecy; it is the time when we are accustomed to await the economic survey of industrial production, manpower, and financial resource which our previous Government blue-printed each January. It is likely that the present Government will dispense with this technique partly to give its Ministers an opportunity to make a full reckoning with the legacy received from their Labour predecessors, and partly to avoid anything which might savour of Socialist tactics. We also wait Parliament's recess, a long winter vacation while newly-harassed men, spared from the onerous duties of the House, wrestle with their departments' problems and see whether they can bring any fresh vigour and newer insights to their tasks. We await Mr. Churchill's visit to Washington wondering to what enterprises he will commit the nation and whether he will pull some surprise Lend-Lease out of the bag. We await the Spring Budget knowing that fresh burdens are likely to be imposed upon us, but wondering how they will be distributed. Our new Chancellor is a man of independent resolution and resourcefulness and can be expected to put the nation's fiscal needs before party interest.

With all these factors to reckon with it is no easy matter to look ahead twelve months with any certain prediction. But the likelihood is that Government and Opposition alike will realise that political strife is secondary to our immediate economic needs. Britain will have to fight through her difficulties the hard way, and, given an end to the rancour of rival policies, to new political experiments and the opposition they arouse, there will be a good chance that we shall surmount the crisis of the moment. The Prime Minister has forsworn party doctrine in the interests of national unity, and none is happier than he at the head of a united country facing an emergency. Whether his gesture will be followed throughout the country is anybody's guess.

Another gesture likely to bear fruit is the cutting of government expenditure and the determined exposure of overspending in some of the nationalised concerns. This pruning of prodigality is a great democratic virtue; if it continues vigilantly it will help to call a halt to the distressing rise of prices. Economy and retrenchment are likely to be the policies leading us to Christmas hence, and any who anticipated that the return of the Conservative Government meant an era of juicy steaks and red meat had better start thinking again. The new Government is but the old one with a different name, and the words austerity and control will still find a reluctant place upon its banners.

But retrenchment alone will avail little unless industry, production, and hard work become also the watchwords of the coming year. By Christmas, 1952, the legacy of post-war stagnation should have spent itself. Britain can no longer support a high standard of living at the expense of her colonies and other lands; Britain must earn and pay her way to social security and welfare by muscle, brain, intelligent co-operation

and inventiveness, by conscientiousness of labour and flexibility of management. The lotus days of expecting a State benevolence for the minimum of effort are over, our country can only give back to us what each individual has contributed to her strength. I expect that this realism will have become operative by the end of 1952, and that all who still believe that these hard days are but an interim austerity soon to be replaced by expansion and plenty will at last concede that there is to be no holiday from hard work and tightened belts.

In international affairs the pine torch is also smoky, but a well-marked pattern is beginning to settle on the world, and by it we can entertain sober hopes for Christmas, 1952, in spite of the many "hot spots" which will continue to ferment into prominence.

In America the anxiety, that was near hysteria, lest Russia expanding with violence into the vacua of the war-torn world should overwhelm the free peoples of the West and East, has changed to a constructive deployment of strength. In Russia international ambition has gone underground either through frustration or at the dictates of some new policy of out-staying the West in the strategy of cold war. As a result we have both, East and West, to conquer world opinion not by sabre-rattling but by disporting ourselves as champions of peace. Cold war merges into hot peace. It is no more than an uneasy peace, but so long as the United Nations provides a platform for the rival claimants to the title of peace-makers, hope remains strong. Truce talks in Korea and the rival disarmament plans voiced in Paris point to the stalemate which power diplomacy has reached.

Three possibilities arise out of such a position of armed stalemate: to continue the stalemate indefinitely, to break the impasse by hasty atomic warfare, or to start afresh on some new diplomatic development. Russia, I suspect, favours the first course in spite of its heavy drain on resources, America and her allies will obligingly prolong the stalemate if it becomes unavoidable, but would prefer the third course; neither party seems to be contemplating the second. If this analysis is at all sound, Christmas should see either the first or the third alternative becoming accepted, and it may be that circumstances other than political (I am thinking of world economic dislocation), will rule out a very prolonged stalemate. We shall be very far from "peace on earth among men of good will" but perhaps shall have to content our pathetically hopeful hearts with fresh and nearly interminable talks about the Agenda of Peace.

A MESSAGE FROM THE FELLOWSHIP OF YOUTH

By D. E. Williams, President

SINCE its conception at Manchester College in 1924, the F.O.Y. has had many ups and downs but, I am glad to say, it has always come up smiling. It is in this spirit of cheerful hope that we wish to convey our Christmas Message of good-will to the readers of THE INQUIRER, to the U.Y.P.L. and all other organisations associated with the G.A. Any suggestion of scarcity immediately reflects in the apparent value of a product, and cheerful hope is no exception. Ours is not a blind hope, for this would indeed be a cheap and unworthy offering. Nor is it based merely on faith in the inevitability of the eventual predominance of reason and justice; for with no aid other than acknowledgment, eventually could be a long time. No, such a faith must go hand in hand with a readiness to do all within our power to assist its fulfilment. Such a resolution is the basis of our hope, of which we offer you a share in this joyful season which commemorates an event which is the finest symbol of the birth of new hope. There has been talk in the F.O.Y. of late of the need to develop a "consciousness follow-through". For example, to see that the enthusiasm generated at conferences, etc., results in action at remote points in space and time. How much more valuable, for instance, would be the goodwill of this festive season if it found material expression well into the New Year? Such a development will certainly make the basis of our hope more firm. It is then, with good-will, good cheer and a firm hope that we send you our Christmas greetings.



Please SEND US YOUR DISCARDED CLOTHING

THOUSANDS OF REFUGEES IN DESPERATE NEED in Europe and the Middle East

"Please help, distress here is very great"—this plea still comes to us from the uprooted families of Europe, and from war-victims in the Middle East. Many refugees have lost the family breadwinner; many are ill; more still are helpless children. Even the little you can do may mean restored hope and courage to one family.

Did you know that during the winter months 6,000 Carinthian children were unable to go to school because they had no shoes or insufficient clothing?

The Need is Urgent.

Men's, women's, children's and babies' clothing and footwear—all are needed and *quickly* (do not wait to repair garments). Please look through your old clothes *now* to see what you can spare—do not let us fail those who are suffering severe privation. Kindly enclose your name and address inside each parcel in order that the Chairman may acknowledge safe receipt.



Sunday Times Photo.

AN EXTRACT FROM
THE B.B.C. BROADCAST
APPEAL BY DR.
GILBERT MURRAY, O.M.

"The distribution is done with individual care by voluntary helpers... but we need money for the expenses of packing and transport, and for gifts of medicine and food. We calculate that 10/- will cover the cost of sending clothing for one refugee family; £10 will send 700 garments; 2/- will send sufficient for one child. Please send what you can." *The Week's Good Cause. All Home Services.*

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MY MERRY CHRISTMAS

By a Minister

A WEEK before Christmas! Always a very busy time; extra choir practices, a wedding or two, parties to be arranged. Setting forth in a happy mood to my church, I was stopped on the way by a man who had already commenced celebrations in a manner not to be approved. "Good evening, Sir", he hiccupped, "it's a real pleasure to me to speak to a gentleman like you; I've often wanted to, and now I've got my chance." I grew somewhat suspicious of him, for there came the usual hard luck story which, however suddenly changed to one of roaring success, and to my amazement it finished by his saying, "Here you are, governor; here's half a crown; give it to anyone who needs it". I took it; interrupting my thanks with many a "Merry Christmas, Sir", he staggered across the road and out of sight. Well! Here was a unique experience and a really happy one. Perhaps it was a prophecy concerning the Christmas week.

I made my way to the church where for over an hour the choir members had been standing around the organ trying to satisfy the exacting demands of a temporary organist and choirmaster who was both inexperienced and deaf. Sensing something of a strain, I suggested to a young tenor that seats should be found for the good women folk. "Yes", said he with a twinkle in his mischievous eyes, then in a whisper loud enough for those concerned to hear he requested an elderly bus to get some chairs for these old women. "What do you mean", exclaimed the elderly bus, "Old women! They're not nearly as old as they look!" A flutter of indignation went through the sopranos and altos; the scene of the strain increased almost to breaking point; the situation was saved, but only just, by my fervid appeal for the spirit of goodwill particularly suitable to the season. More or less satisfactorily the practice ended and I hoped for the best.

Christmas Sunday arrived. With some trepidation I went to the church for the evening service hoping that the spirit of goodwill would prevail between the choir and the temporary organist. The opening organ voluntary was drawing

to a close and I prepared to enter the church. A strange sound, however, outside the vestry caused me to pause; it continued, and on opening the door I discovered a woman weeping bitterly. "Come in", I said, "sit down; whatever is the matter?" Stiffing her sobs, she moaned that her husband was coming to church. "Well", I exclaimed, "that's nothing to cry about, is it? He usually comes to church on Christmas Sunday so why all this fuss?" "Oh", she burst out, "he says he is going to give you a punch on the nose; what will you do?" Somewhat surprised, I answered hesitatingly. "I don't know; I'll probably give him one; but what's all the trouble?" "Oh", she explained, "he says that before I came to this church I didn't dare answer him back, but since I came here, I answer him back every day." I persuaded her to go into the church, assuring her that nothing serious would happen; was it not the season of goodwill?

Meanwhile the opening voluntary had been repeated several times; in a rather disturbed state of mind I entered the church and commenced the service, hoping that all would be well. Everything did go well until we were singing the last hymn. I noticed several committee members carrying on an earnest conversation and occasionally gesticulating to me. What had gone wrong? I learned very soon. The secretary came to the pulpit and handing to me a sheet of paper, said, "What about this?" It was the details of our famous Christmas Party which I had omitted to announce. There was nothing to be done but to make the announcement at the close of the hymn. Being somewhat confused, I felt safe in relying on the notice as it had been written out for me; it ended with the words, "turkey sandwiches 1/- each, mince pies fourpence". Alas! Our deaf organist failed to hear what was said though he knew something happened after the last hymn; and when the announcement ended with "turkey sandwiches 1/-, mince pies fourpence", to my horror he played a three-fold Amen! Never before were there so many smiles in the church. Embarrassed, confused and thoroughly cross with myself, I made for the vestry and home.

Hurrying along the street and tuning over in my mind this very unusual Christmas week I was recalled from my

reverie by a voice which I had heard before. "Good evening, Sir; it's a great honour for me to speak to a gentleman like you; I've often wanted to, and now I've got my chance." It was the voice of the alcoholic gentleman whom I had met a few days ago. He began to tell me his life's history as he had related it before; and interrupting him, I reminded him that he had already told me his story; but he did not remember having done so. "Do you not remember", I asked, "that you kindly gave me half a crown for anyone who needed it?" A look of recognition dawned in his bleary eyes. "Oh, yes", he exclaimed, "so I did; so I did! Well, I've had a very bad week and I'd like to have that half a crown back." Reluctantly I gave it to him. "Merry Christmas, Sir", he hiccupped as once again he staggered across the road and out of sight. "The same to you", I replied, but not, I fear, very cordially.

"GREAT WAS THE MULTITUDE OF PREACHERS"

A LATE VICTORIAN LEGEND

By Another Minister

LONG, long ago, a distinguished Liverpool minister was on his way by train one Sunday morning after an early breakfast, to be the Anniversary preacher at the chief of the two Unitarian churches in a prominent Lancashire town. The train stopped once only, and at that point he should have alighted and changed to another; but failing to realise the necessity for this vital step, he presently found himself, much to his dismay, deposited in Victoria Station, Manchester, close upon service time, but a baker's dozen miles from his destination, and with no train thither to help him. So to retrieve the disaster as much as possible, but in despair, he sprang into a hansom cab and begged the driver to do the journey at record speed.

Meanwhile, the church secretary had returned from the local railway station to the chapel, unaccompanied and bewildered, hoping to discover that the preacher had missed him on the platform and found his own way thither. Alas! there was no trace of him, and the pews were rapidly filling with an expectant congregation, while the organist discoursed quiet music in readiness for the service to begin.

A hurried consultation took place in the vestry; the clock struck the hour, and under extreme pressure the worthy chairman of the congregation consented to ascend the pulpit, conduct the opening devotions and read a lengthy scripture lesson, but only upon one condition: that the secretary—an occasional lay preacher—took the chairman's carriage and drove post-haste to the other chapel in the town, to borrow its minister and send him back in the vehicle, while remaining to continue the service there in his stead.

Thus while the gallant hansom with its agitated passenger was rattling merrily over the granite setts on the way out of Manchester, a carriage and pair were performing a shorter journey through the local streets at an equally undignified speed for a Sabbath morning.

The exchange of a layman for a minister was quickly and amicably effected by whispered explanation during the astonished congregation's second hymn, and back the carriage sped. Much to the relief of the nervous chairman, facing a crowded congregation, the substitute for the special preacher emerged from the vestry and took his place in the pulpit, complete with the sermon intended for his own more modest flock.

By this time the hansom cab had cleared the half-way town and was rapidly drawing nearer to its appointed goal. Presently it delivered its occupant triumphantly at the front door of the chapel, in time for him to hear his substitute's peroration through the chink between the inner doors. Thence, during the collection, he made his way along the aisle to the vestry, accompanied by smiles and speculation on the part of the worshippers. Within that sanctum, another hurried consultation preceded; full of apologies, the distinguished visitor begged to be allowed to ascend the pulpit and conclude the service (there was still a second anthem and a closing hymn), so that he might express his regret to the good people who had looked for him in vain, but would see and hear him in the evening without fail.

This he did with grace and charm, and then announced the anthem: "The Lord gave the word; great was the multi-

tude of the preachers". And after the benediction, as the crowd made their leisurely way through the doors, one aged member said to another still more aged: "Well, Thomas, what did you think of that?" And Thomas answered, "Man and boy, I've been attending this chapel sixty-odd years, but I can remember nothing to equal it. Every time I woke up there was a different man in the pulpit!"

Scrupulous Unitarian respect for veracity compels me to add that when the hero of this incident, in his later years, heard the legend recounted in full at his own request, his comment was: "It's a very good story, and it hangs together extremely well; but you can take it from me that there is a considerable element of the apocryphal in it!"

THE STAR OF FAITH

By G. Randall Jones

(A Christmas Message from the President of the General Assembly of Unitarian and Free Christian Churches.)

AS CHRISTMAS DAY approaches, we remember the stories associated with the birth of Jesus, especially the story of the shepherds who heard angel voices, and the Wise Men who came from the east in search of a king. I believe these stories are partly history, and partly legend, and partly myth. How much is history, how much is legend, and how much is myth, is a question on which different scholars hold different opinions. But, beyond all controversy, the great lesson which these stories teach us, whether we take them literally or symbolically, is the lesson of idealism and faith.

Take the story of the shepherds. They saw, or thought they saw, a great light in the sky; they heard, or thought they heard, angels singing in triumphant chorus; and the song which the angels sang proclaimed: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace among men in whom He is well pleased". Was it a vain dream? Was it a vision lacking all objective reality? Or was it a foregleam of things which yet shall be?

Recently, a number of men and women who were playing distinguished parts in public life met to discuss the present state of world affairs. The Vice-Chancellor of a great university was in the Chair, and he introduced the subject. Without

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telling his audience the source from which he was quoting, he opened a newspaper and read a lengthy extract from an article describing the state of the world as the writer of the article saw it.

It made grim reading. Never before, according to the writer, had mankind passed through such perilous places. The whole culture of Western civilisation was on the point of collapse. It was being overwhelmed by a multitude of social evils, and especially by the ever present menace of war. Unless something unforeseen happened, civilisation as we knew it was doomed. It was heading straight for catastrophe. Such, in brief outline, was the purport of the newspaper article.

One after another, the distinguished men and women who had listened to the reading of it agreed that it was a fair and accurate summary of our present situation. Then the Chairman threw his bombshell: "Ladies and gentlemen", he said, "the newspaper article which you have been discussing was written over seventy years ago!"

The Chairman's ingenious device may put fresh heart into those who are striving to maintain the optimistic outlook on life. We cannot deny that these present days are difficult and dangerous. But, in every age, to those who were living in that age, the days appeared difficult and dangerous. If the problems of our age seem more acute and more widespread than those which previous ages faced and solved, it may be because we see them in clearer perspective, and with a loftier idealism.

Today, no less than in the days when Syrian shepherds watched their flocks, the angels are singing. If we have ears to hear, we can hear their song: "Glory to God . . . and on earth peace".

Turn now to the story of the Wise Men who came from the East. They saw a star, but they saw more than a star. Others in the far-off eastern country had seen the same star, and had attached no particular meaning to it. They remained uninfluenced by it. But the Wise Men, seeing the star, saw also its meaning. They followed it, with the result that for them it became more than a star in the sky—it became the Star of Faith, shining brightly in the spiritual firmament. It was the Star of Faith which led them on their long journey.

It did not lead them straight to their destination. Even in the story as it stands, with all its legendary and mythological accretions, that point is made quite clear. The Wise Men were seeking a new-born King, and the star did not lead them direct to the new-born King. It led them to Jerusalem, and the new-born Child was not in Jerusalem.

But in Jerusalem they obtained the fuller information which they needed, so that they were able to go on, from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, till at last, with the perils of the long desert journey behind them, they knelt in adoration before the Saviour of their hopes. The Star of Faith had led them, and it had not led them astray.

So it is everywhere and in all ages with those who follow the Star. They see by an insight of faith what others do not see; or, rather, they attach a meaning to what they see which others do not attach to it. They feel a guiding hand which others do not feel, or to which others do not respond. They hear a voice which others do not hear, or which others explain away in terms of auto-suggestion. By the power of that guiding hand, in response to that challenging voice, they go forward, following the Star. Thus they reach Bethlehem, and kneel before the King.

Mankind is not at the end of its tether. On the contrary, I believe that no previous period in history offered men such abundant opportunities of being and doing what God wants them to be and do. The unfaith which asserts that man is at the end of his tether, the unfaith which assumes that man is helpless in the grip of forces too great for him to control, the unfaith which supposes that there is an unbridgeable gulf between the Divine and the human—this, and not the atomic bomb, nor any other discoveries which have been made or can be made by modern science, is what is making life so perilous nowadays. We need faith—faith in God, faith in ourselves, faith in the Divine grace which streams from God to man. When we see the Star of Faith shining brightly in the spiritual firmament, and follow it, we shall find that it will lead us to the new-born Child, to the Prince of Peace, and to the Kingdom that is to be.

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A CRITIC'S NOTEBOOK

By E. W. Martin

THE creative individual is a key figure in any civilisation; and in his study of the American progressive tradition, *Men of Good Hope* (Oxford University Press, New York, 24s.), Mr. Daniel Aaron turns our minds away from technical achievement to those men who dreamed dreams.

"Liberalism needs visionaries and utopians as much as it needs techniques", this writer affirms. Emerson is seen as the source of this visionary optimism; he is the "master transcendentalist", a precursor of those thinkers whose ideas were to become seriously linked with the democratic process. A man who followed, as preacher and writer, directly in Emerson's path, was Theodore Parker. He saw how the business man, with his tawdry appeal and second-rate equipment, could supplant "the minister and statesman as the articulator of American ideals".

The thinkers who feared the malevolent spate of economic forces, different in character and in belief, are at one in their concern for justice. They all put morality before politics. First of the "prophetic agitators" is the Single Tax prophet, Henry George; then there is Edward Bellamy, the village utopian, who pointed out that men in all walks of life in the nineteenth century were too drawn towards the massive promises of industry. Henry Demarest Lloyd also worked to make his political faith a religion. "This secular religion, most eloquently set forth by Lloyd, suggested in part the positive ethics of Comte, but it was less materialistic and actually closer to the views of modern Unitarianism." Lloyd taught that men must open their hearts to the universal currents of love.

Most intriguing and impressive of these prophets is the darkly rebellious Thorstein Veblen. I think that Aaron tends to underestimate both the power and the influence of this "intellectual renegade". "Thoreau and Veblen were the queer ones", says Aaron, "who stood beyond the pale and made fun of the solid citizens." But Thoreau wrote literature and Veblen's pen spilled wisdom. The official "Progressive Movement" began with Theodore Roosevelt in 1901, when ideas were applied to existing situations. Theodore Roosevelt and Brooks Adams are considered as pseudo-progressives, and there is a retrospective analysis of the period 1912-1950, full of interest for the modern democrat.

The American social prophets had feared the scientific and utilitarian attitude of mind; and the testament of a Nobel Prize winner and doyen of American scientists, *The Autobiography of Robert A. Millikan* (Macdonald, 21s.), is a reassuring document. The great physicist was born in 1868; and in the nineties got to know Europe intimately. He took up an appointment at the new University of Chicago and devoted himself to lecturing and the writing of textbooks for students. During the first world war Dr. Millikan did valuable work in anti-submarine warfare. Out of a wide experience, he expresses the opinion that only collective security, a display of collective force, will ensure peace.

As a scientist and a citizen, Dr. Millikan is aware that everyone must ponder how to make the world a better place, and he thinks that human progress rests upon two pillars—the spirit of religion and the spirit of science. The philosopher, A. N. Whitehead, declared that: "Religion is world loyalty". Such an attitude has nothing to do with knowledge, but with the task of living according to the highest that we can become aware of. The scientist tends to underrate the importance of the Christian effort to spread world loyalty, and men like Dr. Millikan look upon such traits in the scientific attitude as fundamentally wrong. Millikan's creed can be summed up in a few words from his illuminating book: "It is the combination of science and religion that provides today the sole basis for rational intelligent living". That code of conduct can be a guiding star for the scientist perplexed about his social duty.

The creative individual, the naturally constructive man who helps to build new worlds has his counterpart—the destructive man whose outlook is dogmatic and negative. Mr. Wicksteed Armstrong in his *Road to Happiness* (Watts, 17s. 6d.), is a carping writer with an interest in freedom and a qualified contempt for legislation.

Mr. Armstrong comes forward in the guise of a logician, but would a logician necessarily believe that the pursuit of happiness is man's highest aspiration? I will admit that I was forced to distrust this writer because the freedom he wants is his own brand of freedom. "For eugenic reasons", he says, "people of the yellow or black races should not be admitted into lands occupied by Indo-Europeans. . . . Some writers have tried to throw ridicule on the Nazi obsession regarding the superiority of 'Aryans', on the ground that this term can be correctly applied only to languages, not to races. Such arguments are, of course, fallacious, because it matters little whether we use the name Aryan or Indo-European, so long as we mean the same thing. . . ." Lastly, this writer tells us that the "comparatively poor achievements of the Negro race" are not due to lack of opportunity. . . . I feel that Mr. Armstrong should read what Millikan has written about world loyalty and study what Dr. Julian Huxley has to say about the Aryan race!

THREE BOOKS

By John Rowland

MOST of us who have dealings with the world of books become aware, sooner or later, of the characteristics of many of the great publishing houses. There is often something, in either the method of production or the contents of a book, which marks it off as characteristic of the publisher who gave it to the world. This is true, too, of some of the smaller houses, and lately I have been wondering what is the special characteristic of the Lindsey Press, in which Unitarians must be particularly interested.

My attention has been directed to this by the perusal of three books, issued (or reissued) by the Lindsey Press within comparatively recent months. The three books are Dr. Mortimer Rowe's *A Golden Treasury of the Bible* (9s. 6d.), Dr. Alfred Hall's *James Martineau: Selections* (7s. 6d.), and Mr. Magnus Ratter's *Albert Schweitzer: A Biography* (8s. 6d.).

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What have those three books—each important in its way—in common?

First of all, let me give a brief description of the books for the benefit of those readers who may not have been fortunate enough to come across them. Dr. Rowe, assisted by Dr. Herbert McLachlan and Dr. Dorothy Tarrant, has clearly aimed at providing within the covers of one handy book the most noteworthy passages from the Bible, including the Apocrypha, so arranged as to make for easy reading, and yet so classified that they will be appreciated in accordance with the scholarship of modern times. The verse passages are printed as verse, and, while the Authorised Version is used in most of the Old Testament, in the New Testament the Revised Version has been called upon, as well as some of the more modern translations, where they are considered more satisfactory. The result is a volume in which the Bible comes alive in a surprising manner.

Dr. Hall's anthology of Martineau is likewise a book which presents in new guise material once familiar, but nowadays often neglected. What most surprised me in this ingeniously arranged book was the number of really brilliantly-worded epigrams which can be found in the writings of Martineau. For instance: "Those to whom the earth is not consecrated, will find their heaven profane"; "What Science calls the uniformity of Nature, Faith accepts as the fidelity of God"; "No man can serve two masters. Either scientific theology, or else doctrinal fixity; but not both"; "A reform in the nursery will change the creed of Christendom; no hierarchy can stand against it; and the pinafore of the child will be more than a match for the frock of the bishop and the surplice of the priest". Those are a few examples, taken at random, from the sayings of Martineau which provide food for thought and material for essays or sermons.

Mr. Ratter's biography of Schweitzer is again something completely different, the life-story of one of the greatest men of our time. But Albert Schweitzer is a man who has given up what might have been a career of the greatest possible distinction in the world in order to do what he could to improve the lot of the native population in a neglected part of Africa.

These three books, then (any one of which would be, I think, an acceptable Christmas present for a Unitarian friend), have in common, as far as I can see, one thing. They all stress the value of the spiritual background of life, as opposed to the merely material aspects which are so often regarded as all-important in this twentieth-century world. And we need only to ask ourselves how much better the world would be did the ideals of the Biblical prophets, of Martineau, or of Schweitzer rule, in order to see the usefulness of what our own publishing house is doing.

Not long ago there was published in this journal an article stressing the value of the mission of the printed word. Those who write, if they appreciate the importance of their high calling, may exercise an even greater influence than those who speak. For a sermon, however eloquent, may not remain in the memory, whereas a book or an article stays to be referred to if its original message has tended to fade with the passage of time.

And the really great men in the world of letters, even though for a time they may become unfashionable, and their ideas seem to disappear, are usually revived at a date when even many of their admirers have thought their ideas dying or dead. Dr. Hall's book of selections from Martineau provides an example of this, for Martineau, called by Gladstone, "the greatest of living thinkers", had in recent years been unaccountably neglected.

The age in which we live is an era when spiritual realities tend to be pushed into the background. The hurly-burly of business, the bitter struggles of politics—these tend to obscure the eternal verities of religion and the arts. But as long as we have at our command books such as the three with which I have been here concerned, the spiritual basis of life cannot be altogether eliminated. The Bible, Martineau, and Schweitzer—three very different sources of inspiration—all have their part to play in the spiritual revival for which the world waits. And the three books from the Lindsay Press are, if I am not woefully mistaken, destined to play their part in that revival when it comes.

AN AMERICAN ADVENTURE—III SUMMING UP

By H. H. Cheetham

EXUBERANCE of spirit is a characteristic of American life. Probably it arises from the fact that America is a comparatively young country. Its citizens have the thrill and excitement of exploiting virgin soil, building modern cities and creating a new way of life. Their vigour and drive are most manifest in the amazing city of New York. The Manhattan sky-line, with its towering sky-scrapers, is an awe-inspiring testimony to their engineering and building skill. To walk between the man-made canyons of cement and steel, to survey the city from the tallest building in the world, the Empire State, and to fight to get into a train in one of its noisy subways are unforgettable experiences. Here one discovers the restlessness and enthusiasm of a very powerful young nation now destined to take a dominant part in world affairs. As one gazes in the gathering gloom at the myriad lights of a strangely-designed United Nations building across the river, the question arises in one's mind whether America is mature enough to take its rightful place and bring wisdom and sanity to bear upon the problems which afflict the peoples of the world.

Maturity

The reason why our human affairs are in such a turmoil is that there are individuals, churches and nations that are immature. G. B. Chisholm, the eminent psychiatrist, has said, "So far in the history of the world there have never been enough mature people in the right places. The adult, whose responses to life are infantile, is a danger to society. The church that insists upon the permanent childlike dependence of man upon external authority bars the path of progress. Immature leadership of any nation, however powerful it may be, can bring it to the abyss of destruction."

It is significant that American Unitarians are endeavouring by means of a liberal adult education programme to show that their religion demands mature minds. Religious education



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is not confined to the Sunday School and Youth group; it is extended to all adult members of the congregations. The Division of Education has contrived plans for the growth of the mind that is a continuing process throughout the whole of life. Their leaders agree with the analysis of H. A. Overstreet, who writes in his book, *The Mature Mind*:

"One of the fatalities of our culture has been that it has idealised immaturity. Childhood has seemed to be the happy time. Youth, gone almost before it begins, has been looked back upon wistfully as the golden time that never returns. We have seen ourselves taking on the obligations of adulthood without achieving a new significance and a new creative happiness in maturity."

Modern Unitarianism

Unitarianism is a religion that leads men and communities to maturity. There must be a constant, critical assessment of all our facts and opinions; we must learn new facts and insights as long as we live. This leads to wisdom and power. It is this new concept of psychological maturity that is helping to create vital Unitarian churches in America led by capable ministers and active laymen.

The time may be opportune in the General Assembly to carry out such a programme of adult education. A Unitarian who has ceased to think about his fundamental religious position, has ceased to be a Unitarian. We often speak of people who are Unitarians without knowing it. There may be those who are not Unitarians without knowing it. In all our churches, there are thoughtful and wise men and women. We should challenge them to co-operate with their minister and the General Assembly to undertake the vital work of religious education among adults and so give our churches a new vision and a fresh power.

Teamwork

Many abiding memories and helpful experiences gathered in a tour of over twenty thousand miles have to be omitted in such an account as this. The virility of the Sunday Schools, the methods of the American ministers and the organisation of the Association impressed me profoundly. I cannot, however, conclude without paying a tribute to the teamwork of the American Unitarian Association. Under the gracious and able leadership of Dr. F. Elliott, the President, a team of most devoted men and women set the tone for the whole movement. There is an amazing unity of spirit and purpose among the churches of America and Canada. This is a wonderful achievement when one realises that many of the churches are as distant from Boston as our own British churches are from that centre of Unitarianism. I wish to express my profound gratitude to my hosts and all at Headquarters, especially Dr. E. W. Kuebler, who organised with such efficiency and thoughtfulness my tour across the American continent and Canada. The American Unitarians and the Canadians are a generous and warm-hearted people. Nothing but good can result from the interchange of persons and ideas with the American Unitarian Association.

REVIEWS

CHILDREN'S BOOKS

THE writing of the great stories of the Bible for children is never an easy matter, and it can be accomplished in different forms. The *Sunday Story Book* by Gerald G. Swan (Swan Ltd., 5s.), contains most of the well-loved stories with illustrations on every other page, and diversions to attract the child's mind. *Children of the Bible* by Elisabeth Yates, with excellent drawings by Nora S. Uwin (Methuen, 6s.), is a more elaborate production with a smaller number of stories. *Story of Jesus* (Cambridge University Press, 1s. 3d.), is a paper-back booklet of the life of Jesus told in basic English. It would require more concentration than the other two books.

E.G.L.

OUTLINES OF KNOWLEDGE... AND OPINION

PREVIOUS volumes in Messrs. Watts and Co.'s "Thrift Books" series have been recommended in these columns, and four new additions have just appeared. Titles and authors are: *Secrets of an Author*, by Peter Fontaine; *The Glorious Inside Us*, by John Elving; *You Shall Have Music*, by Sidney Harrison; and *Discovering Amazing Words of Science*, by T. H. Savory. The books by Dr. Elving and Mr. Harrison, adequately described by their titles, are quite satisfactory. Mr. Fontaine provides yet another guide to authorship, though it has little (save its French background) to give it attractiveness over the hundreds of books of its kind which have already

appeared. And Mr. Savory, with the interesting idea of writing discursively of the many scientific terms bandied about today, suffers from the disadvantage of being in a way a specialist in his own sphere of biology, and thus not quite sufficiently knowledgeable about the other sciences. For instance, he claims that the sub-atomic particle, the "positron", was named by analogy with the "neutron", and that if it had been correctly named, it should have been the "positon". He does not seem to be aware that "positron" is short for "positive electron"; indeed, the electron does not feature in the volume at all! Still, whatever the flaws in the books, they are good value at a shilling each.

J.R.

THE INQUIRER

All letters and manuscripts for the Editor must reach the Office not later than Monday morning for publication the same week. All communications must be accompanied by the name and address of the sender.

Subscription Rates: 50s. 6d. per annum (post free).

Those having any difficulty in obtaining copies of the paper should communicate direct with the publisher.

Address: 24 Gordon Square, London, W.C.2.

TEL.: EUS. 7354. Editorial: EUS. 2912

"THE INQUIRER" AND ITS READERS

This is what some of our friends do; and this is the manner in which the faith is spread and brotherhood created.

Extract from a December Calendar: "For some years now Mr. X— has been sending copies of THE INQUIRER to some of our churches in Germany. You will like to know that he has recently received a letter of warm appreciation, with greetings to this congregation. German Unitarians are making a brave effort to maintain their witness to Free Christianity."

Send us your request with "Please Increase..."

Bournemouth.—A successful Sale of Work and Victorian Exhibition was held on November 21, at West Hill Road. The sale was organised by the Women's League and was opened by Mrs. Arthur Coe. The exhibition was of great interest and the articles, all supplied by members of the congregation, caused much admiration and some amusement. The sum of £100 was handed to the Treasurer.

Chester.—The Rev. R. H. Williamson has resigned the pulpit of Matthew Henry's Chapel, having accepted an invitation to Carlisle. The Committee accepted with the deepest regret his resignation. Their thanks to himself and to Mrs. Williamson for their six years' work in Chester, and their hopes for a happy future in Carlisle were cordially expressed. The Farewell Services were held on December 2.

Doncaster.—Mrs. Siskell, of Fulwood, who presided, and Mr. H. R. Bramley, of Sheffield, who opened the Sale of Work on Saturday, November 24, were presented by Sunday School scholars.

THE RATIONALIST PRESS ASSOCIATION

A member writes

"I desire to express my appreciation of the services afforded during the present year, particularly in connection with your library, from which I have obtained many books of great interest and help. One has, with interest, noted the variety of views expressed by writers who are closely allied to the R.P.A. movement, but it is obvious that there is a singleness of purpose displayed in the rational attitude and approach to the subjects dealt with."

"Being a member of the Unitarian fellowship for some forty years you will appreciate that these conditions are such as I feel very much at home with. One endeavours to estimate what difference, if any, this has made to my outlook after having been a member of the R.P.A. for a year."

"The fact is that through the medium of 'The Literary Guide' and the R.P.A. publications over a period of many years, I have, for some time, made considerable use of the R.P.A. approach to matters appertaining to religion and kindred subjects. Consequently my position has not materially altered with my year's membership of the R.P.A. I remain an earnest but critical searcher after truth and I am sure, in this connection, I shall find the continued services of the R.P.A. to be of great value."

COMPLETE AND POST THIS FORM TODAY

To The Rationalist Press Association, 5 Johnson's Court, Fleet Street, London
Please send me all publications of the R.P.A. with free literature and specimen copy of the LITERARY GUIDE and LITERARY REVIEW (quarterly 6d.)

Name _____

Address _____

with a bouquet of flowers and a 1952 diary respectively. The day concluded with a Whist Drive. The record sum of £230 was raised. "The Pope and the unborn child" was the theme of the Rev. G. W. Parkinson's sermon on Sunday evening, November 25, in the course of which he said that while the Roman Catholic Church has made great contributions to the cultural and spiritual life of the world, like all dogmatic institutions it does on occasion make pronouncements which are based upon error. We challenge completely the assumption that the soul of the unbaptised infant is in danger of eternal damnation. This belief is based upon two very dangerous superstitions: (1) that the child is born in sin and shaped in iniquity, and (2) that the rite of baptism possesses some magical power which will guarantee to the child salvation. The beautiful words of one greater than the Pope come echoing down the years—"it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish".

Mexborough.—Three outstanding lectures were given at the Unitarian Week held recently. The three speakers were the Rev. J. H. Smith, of Gee Cross, Miss F. Sokell, of Fulwood, Sheffield, and the Rev. E. G. Lee, Editor of THE INQUIRER.

The Church Anniversary Service was also conducted by the Rev. E. G. Lee, who gave an inspiring address on "Where we are Going".

Sidmouth.—A very successful Sale of Work was held at the Old Meeting on November 15. The Chair was taken by Mrs. Chandler, of Sidmouth, and the Sale opened by Mrs. G. H. Isaacs, of Bournemouth, who, in the course of her remarks, referred to her many associations with Sidmouth in the past. The thanks of everyone was expressed to the Opener and Chairman by Miss Matthews. There was a large selection of artistic and useful goods on the stalls, which included Christmas Gifts, Treasure, Produce and Home-made Cakes, etc.. An excellent tea was served and the total receipts from the Sale were £256.

HARRY HIRSCH

MILL HILL has suffered grievous loss in the passing of Harry Hirsch, who died, after a very short illness, on November 22. He had been for many years a member of the Chapel Committee; was from 1938-50 the Chapel Treasurer; and for long was a Trustee. He thought of himself as a bad committee man; he was, he said, too impulsive and impatient. But those who were privileged to sit with him found him the very soul of courtesy and forbearance, and a most valued counsellor. He had marked business capacities: he had founded and nursed into far-reaching success a Bradford business, his association with it (which continued to the end of his life) covering 64 years. Among business associates he had earned justly for himself a name for integrity, fair dealing, and high principle; among his employees he was thought of as essentially fair-minded and just; no firm exceeded his own in the matter of long-service employees; changes among his staff were rare. He had been greatly interested in the Willington School, giving to it, among other gifts, its swimming baths, in memory of his elder son, killed in the First World War. He had travelled widely, was an accomplished linguist, and was at home in the dialect of the Scots equally with his native one of Yorkshire. His public benefactions were not few; but most of all he loved to do good by stealth and to perform kindnesses in secret. Among Mill Hill people he was deeply loved and respected. His charm and courtesy and consideration were outstanding; his attendance at public worship staunch and loyal to the last degree. He had known sorrows, some of them heavy, but he never allowed his own troubles to darken the light by which others had to live. He was the soul of joyousness and his smile was like sunshine breaking through clouds. In his passing we have lost a brave and gallant Christian gentleman. The funeral service, for which the church was full, was conducted by the Rev. E. Shirvell Price, M.A., and Dr. R. W. Wilde.

R. W. W.

CALENDAR

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 9th, 1951

Amesbury, Un. Church, Shaw St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. Gordon Bennett.
Amesbury, Un. Ch., Kennelby Rd., 11, Mr. I. Moore, 3, Rev. J. G. Davis.
Attercliffe, Dunham Road Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. W. Vallance.
Ashted, (See Lytham St. Anne's)
Astley, Unitarian Chapel, Manchester Rd., 11 and 6.30, Mr. J. Mathews.
Barn, Twin St. Chapel, Unitarian, 6.30, Rev. C. C. Foxworth.
Barns, All Souls, Edmondson Ave., 11.30 and 7.
Barns, Free Church, Barnsley Street, 11 and 7, Dr. A. L. Archer.
Barnsley Green (see Barnsley), Unitarian Ch., 11, Miss Gossens.
Bell Busby, Free Church, South Street, 11.15, Rev. J. Martin Hart.
Birmingham, Un. Ch., Broadbent Rd., 6.30, Rev. Grace Mowbray.
Birmingham, Ch. of Messiah, Broad Street, 11, Rev. Gordon Street, 6.30, Rev. Simon Smith.
Birmingham, Wesley Road Church and Hunt Street Mission, Small Heath, 6.30, Rev. R. McGee.
Blackburn, North Street, Dunham Rd., 11.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. D. Jones.
Blackburn, South Street, Lytham Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. Arthur Williams.
Bolton, Red St., 11.30 and 6.30, Rev. J. Gordon Davis.
Bolton, Redfild Rd. Free Ch., 11.45 and 6.30, Supply.
Bolton, Unity Chapel, Dime Rd., 11.30 and 6.30, Rev. I. I. Tinsley.
Bolton (Lancs), Spin Lane Unitarian Ch., 6.30, Rev. C. Stewart.
Bourne, Un. Ch., West Hill Rd., 11, Rev. I. R. Brown.
Bourne, Twin Hill Square, 11.45 and 6.30, Rev. Frank A. Bennett.
Bourne, Christ Church, Dampier Street, 2.30, Sunday School, 6.30.
Bourne, Unitarian Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. Robert Jones.

Brighton, Christ Church Unitarian, New Road, 11, Rev. Walter Long, 6.30, Rev. A. Peacock.
Bristol, Lewin's Mead Meeting, 6.30, Rev. A. H. Birtles.
Bristol, Oakfield Rd., Clifton, 11, Mr. R. L. Nicholson, 6.30, Miss Eva Longbottom.
Burnley, Unitarian Church, Trafalgar Street, 3, Rev. W. Hill Wareing.
Bury, Bank St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. M. Ryde.
Cambridge, Memorial Ch., Emmanuel Rd., 11 and 6, Rev. H. Stewart Carter.
Cardiff, The West Grove Un. Ch., 11, Mr. S. R. Butler, 6.30, Mr. E. W. Kingdom.
Carlisle, Unitarian Ch., Lorne St., 2.15, Sunday School, 6.30, Supply.
Chatham, The Church of the Great Companions, Hamond Hill, 3, Rev. Will Hayes.
Cherterfield, Elder Yard Ch., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. E. Stanley Peters.
Chowenot Chapel, Atherton, 10.45 and 6.30, Supply.
Cobley, Staffs, Old Meeting House, Old Meeting Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. P. C. Whiteman.
Crewe, Free Christian Church, Beech Street, 6.30, Mr. Moss.
Chewkeston, Un. Ch., Hermitage St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. F. Terry.
Croydon, Free Christian Ch., Wellesley Rd., 11, Rev. John Kieley (Anniversary Service).
Dan Row, 10.45, Rev. E. E. Whigley. Styl, 6.30, Rev. E. E. Whigley.
Denton, Wilson Street Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. John Gill.
Derry, Friar Gate Unitarian Chapel, 6.30, Rev. M. Constance Harris.
Ditchling, Old Meeting House, 10.45, No Service.
Doncaster, Free Christian Church, Hall Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. Parkinson.
Dover, Adrian Street Un. Ch., 6.30, Rev. Ethel Kay.
Dublin, Stephen's Green, West, 11.30 and 7.30, Rev. E. Savell Hicks.
Durley, Old Meeting House, Wolverhampton St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. Charles Easton.
Duxford, Old Chapel, Chapel Hill, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Sydney P. Whitmore.
Edinburgh, St. Mark's Church, Castle Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. B. Tait.
Exeter, George's Chapel, South St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. D. B. Fraser.
Ghe Cross, Hyde Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. Harry Smith.
Glasgow, St. Vincent Street Un. Church, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Alexander Reid.
Guildford, Ward Street Church, 11.15, Rev. R. Nicol Cross.
Hale Chapel, Hale Barn, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. John Storer.
Halifax, Northgate End, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. W. H. Payne.
Hastings, Free Chris. Ch., South Terrace, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Dennis Helton.
Hickley, Great Meeting, Baines Lane, 11 and 6, Rev. C. H. Bartlett.
Hornsea, Working Road, 6.30, Rev. J. Martin Hall.
Horwich, Unitarian Free Church, 6.30, Supply.
Huddersfield, Fitzwilliam St., 6.30, Rev. Dudley Richmond.
Hull, Park St. Ch. (Un.), 6.30, Rev. Ralph Philpott.
Ipswich, Friar Street, 11, Rev. Wm. Haworth, Bury St. Edmund, Churchgate Street, 6.30, Rev. Wm. Haworth.
Kendal, Market Place Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. C. A. Piper.
Kendal, New Meeting House, 11 and 6.30, Rev. H. Whiteman.
Kettering, Bank St. Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. Stanley Moore.
Leamington, St. Nicholas Street Church, 11.30 and 6.30, Rev. L. Hall.
Leam, Mill Hill Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. R. W. Wilde.
Leicester, Netherborough Rd., 11, Junior Ch., 6.30, —.
Leicester, The Great Meeting, East Road St., 11 and 6.30, Rev. Leonard Mack.
Leith, Victoria Hall, Gordon Walk, 11, Rev. W. Waddington (Anniversary Service).
Levens, Wesleyan Chapel, 11, Dr. H. W. Stephenson.
Levens, High Street Unitarian Church, 6.30, Rev. H. W. Kennedy.
Liverpool, Ancient Chapel of Toxteth, 11 and 6.30, Rev. L. A. Gorman.
Liverpool, Raffle Free Church, 6.30, Mr. S. H. Knapp.
Liverpool, Domestic Mission, Mill St., 6.30, Rev. J. Kim Murray.
Liverpool, Garside Chapel, 11, Rev. Duncan P. Stewart.
Liverpool, Hamilton Rd., Everton, 6.30, Rev. Brian I. Gossard.
Liverpool, Hope Street, 11 and 6.30, Mr. J. J. O'Leary.
Liverpool, Ullet Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. Samuel Price.
Liverpool, Bell Street, Edgemoor Road, 6, Rev. Walter M. Lane.
Liverpool, Raffles Mission and Sandford Street Chapel, 6.30, Rev. A. J. Lane.
Liverpool, Blanton, Ellis Rd., 11, Rev. E. G. Lee.
Liverpool, Essex Church, Palace Gardens Terrace, Nottingham Hill Gate, 11 and 6.30, Rev. John C. Ballantine.
Liverpool, Forest Gate, Upper Lane, 6.30, Supply.
Liverpool, Golden Gate, Hope Lane, 11 and 6.30, Rev. John Christ.
Liverpool, Hedderly, New Grand Pit Church, Chatham Place, 6.30, Rev. W. H. O'Leary.
Liverpool, Hospital, Radnor Hill, 11, Dr. Matthew Ross.
Liverpool, Higher Hill Unitarian Church, 11, Rev. G. J. G. Gossard.
Liverpool, Wood, High Road, 6.30, Mr. Cyril S. Dence.
Liverpool, Milligan Unitarian Church, Upper Street, Princes Hall, 1, Rev. A. V. Fox.
Liverpool, Kilburn, Unitarian Ch. Ch., Quex Road, 11, —, 1, Junior Church.
Liverpool, Levens, Un. Ch., High St., 11, Rev. W. C. Newman.
Liverpool, Levens, Levens Bridge Rd., Kew Gardens, 6.30, Rev. G. E. Hall.
Liverpool, Mansfield Street Chapel, Redfild Gate, 6.30, Rev. J. W. Davis.
Liverpool, Redfild Free Ch., Grand Road, 11, Rev. G. E. Hall.
Liverpool, Sandford, West Hill Lane Unitarian Church, 11.30, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev. W. C. Newman.
Liverpool, Thelwell Ch., 11 Bell Street, Edgemoor Road, 11, First Sunday in the month.

LONDON, Wandsworth, Un. Ch., East Hill, 11, Rev. A. V. FOX.
 LONDON, Welsh Unitarian Church at Highgate Hill Unitarian Church,
 1st and 3rd Sundays, 6. Dec. 16th, Mr. D. T. WILLIAMS.
 LONDON, Wood Green, Unity Church, Newnham Road, 6.30, Rev. F.
 HANKINSON.
 LONDON, Woolwich, Dallin Road, S.E., 11.15, School, 6.30, —.
 LOUGHBOROUGH, Victoria St., 6.30, Supply.
 LYTHAM ST. ANNES (ANSDILL), Unitarian Church, Channing Rd., 11 and
 6.30, Rev. H. CRANTREE.
 MAIDSTONE, Unitarian Church, Market Buildings, 6.30, Mrs. MURIEL
 HILTON.
 MANCHESTER, Blackley, Unitarian Church, Chapel Lane, 10.45 and 6.30,
 Rev. KENNETH SHERRATT.
 MANCHESTER, Cross Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. F. KENWORTHY.
 MANCHESTER, Fallowfield, Dob Lane Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. J.
 PIPEKIN.
 MANCHESTER, Gorton, Brookfield Church, Hyde Road, 10.45 and 6.30,
 Rev. F. COTTER.
 MANCHESTER, Moston Ch., Eccles, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. D. T. EVANS.
 MANCHESTER, Pendleton Un., Cross Lane, 6.30, Mr. T. W. ROBERTS.
 MANCHESTER, Platt Chapel, Rusholme, 6.30, Rev. J. WILLIAM DYER.
 MANCHESTER, Renshaw St. Mission, 6.30, Rev. A. J. HEALE.
 MANCHESTER, Stand Ch., Whitefield, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. G. D. FOOTE.
 MANCHESTER, Wilbraham Rd., Chorlton-cum-Hardy, 6.30, Mr. A. E.
 POTTS.
 MANCHESTER, Wythenshawe, Un. Church, Brownley Rd., Betchill, 6.30,
 Mr. J. S. HALLAM.
 MANSFIELD, Old Meeting House, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. KENNETH TWINK.
 MANPLA, Unitarian Hall, 31 Stockport Road, 3, each Sunday.
 MEXBOROUGH, Free Christian Ch., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. A. DAVIES.
 MIDDLEBROUGH, Christ Ch. Unitarian, Corporation Rd., 6.15, Rev. A.
 E. MORRIS.
 MIDDLETON, Old Road Chapel, 6.30, Rev. JOHN EVANS.
 MORTIMER (see LANCHESTER).
 MORTONHARSTON, 3, Newton Abbot, 6.30, Rev. C. G. TOOME.
 MOSLEY, Christian Church, Stamford Rd., 10.45 and 6, Mr. EDMUND SHAW.
 NANTWICH, Old Chapel, 6, Supply.
 NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE, The Church of the Divine Unity, Ellison Place,
 11 and 6.30, Rev. J. H. CORAM DAVIES.
 NORTHAMPTON, Ketching Road, Ch., 6.30, Rev. L. TOSLAND.
 NORTHWICH, Octagon Chapel, Colgate, 11, Rev. J. A. KENNEDY.
 NOTTINGHAM, High Pavement Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. C. GORDON
 BOLAM.
 OLDHURST, Unitarian Church, Birmingham St., 11, Children's Service
 6.30, Rev. HAROLD A. GORE.
 OLDHAM, Lord Street Chapel, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. T. E. NUTTALL.
 OXFORD, Manchester College Chapel, 11.30, The Rev. the Principal.
 PARRHAM, Newarth Unitarian Ch., Knight's Hill, 10.30 and 6, Rev. W.
 HILL WARRING.
 PARK LANE CHAPEL, near Wigan, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ALBERT SMITH.
 PLYMOUTH, Unitarian Center, Houndcombe Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. E.
 H. KIRBY.
 POOLE, Un. Ch., Hill St., 11.15, Junior Church, 6.30, Rev. E. PEEK.
 PORTSMOUTH, Friends' Meeting House, Fratton Bridge, 6.30, Mr. J. R.
 STURGES.
 PRESTON, Unitarian Chapel, Church St., 6.30, Rev. ALLEN WILLIAMS.
 RICHMOND, Ham, the Meeting House, 6.30, Rev. I. RUSSELL.
 RICHMOND, Blackwater Street, 10.30 and 6, Rev. W. BARR.
 RICHMOND, Church of Our Father, 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. Wm. MILLAR.
 SALE, Adhams Rd., 11, Rev. J. WILLIAM DYER.
 SCARBOROUGH, Un. Ch., Westborough, 10.30, Rev. W. T. WILKINS,
 6.30, Rev. J. STRACHAN.
 SHEFFIELD, Unity Church, Crookwood Rd., 11 and 6.30, Rev. E. D.
 DAVIES.
 SHEFFIELD, Fulwood Old Chapel, 11, Rev. F. SORRELL.
 SHEFFIELD (ANSDILL), 6.30, Rev. E. A. DAVIES.
 SHEFFIELD, Upper Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. G. S. WILSON.
 SHREWSBURY, High St., Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. H. LEWIS.
 SHREWSBURY, High Street Unitarian, 11 and 6.30, Rev. W. A. POCKE.
 SOUTHAMPTON, Kell Memorial Hall, Belle Vue Road, 6, Rev. H. J.
 RUSSELL.
 SOUTHEND-ON-SEA, Danby Road, 11, Children's Church, 6.30, Rev.
 E. G. GIBBS.
 SOUTHEND, Portland Street Church, 11 and 6.30, —.
 STALWORTH, Un. Ch., Canal St., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. D. EVANS.
 ST. HELENS, Corporation St., 6.30, Rev. DUNCAN P. SWANBY.
 STOCKPORT, Un. Ch., St. Peter's Gate, 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. JOHN
 BAKER.
 STOCKPORT-ON-THE, Wellington St., 6.30, Rev. A. J. MARSH.
 STOCKPORT, Frodsham Un. Chapel, 11 and 6.30, Rev. RICHARD LEE.
 SWANSEA, Parnall, Free Christian Meeting House, 11, Rev. R. VINEY.
 SWANSEA, Unitarian Church, High Street, 6.30, Rev. R. VINEY.
 SWANSEA, Seaton Hall Rd., 10.45 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC WEA.
 THAMES, The Abbey Chapel, 3.15, Rev. E. H. KENNEDY.
 THAMES, Old Meeting House, Addled Rd., 6.30, Rev. G. KIRBY.
 THAMES, Unitarian Church, 10.45 and 6, Rev. M. JENNISON.
 THAMES, Unity Church, Manly Road, 6.30, Mrs. V. K. THOMAS.
 THAMES, Gudgeon Unitarian Ch., 11 and 6, Rev. A. F. O. THOMAS.
 WALLASEY, Memorial Church, Manor Road, 11 and 6.30, Rev. ERIC
 W. HILL.
 WARRINGTON, Gile St., 10.30 and 6.30, Rev. E. W. EVANS.
 WARRINGTON, Friar House, Gile St. (27 premises), 7.30, Last Sunday
 in the Month.

THE COLLEGE APPEAL

£10,000 by 1954

£6,000 by Christmas, 1951

On 1st October, 1951, Manchester College, Oxford, and the Unitarian College, Manchester, formally began to work in co-operation with each other, both academically and financially.

From now on, the Centenary Appeal Fund of the Unitarian College, Manchester, will be devoted to the joint work of the two colleges. U.C.M. has undertaken to try to contribute at least £800 a year from the Appeal Fund to the joint account which is now fully financing the training of Unitarian and Free Christian Ministers at both colleges.

Please help the organisers of the Fund to honour this undertaking. Gifts (and applications for 7 year Covenant forms) should be sent to:

A. K. ROSS, B.C.L., M.A., *Appeal Treasurer*,
 24 BROOKS ROAD, MANCHESTER 16

DEATH

HEAP.—Wilfrid, on November 21, at his home, Hague House, Mosley, Manchester.

MISCELLANEOUS

"CHILDREN OF THE BIBLE" is loved by all ages. 15 illustrated stories about the child characters of the Bible told by Elizabeth Yates with rare beauty and simplicity. From your bookseller or send 6s. 6d. for approval copy to Dept. 8, McKeljohn's Bookshop, 15 Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

WEST BROMWICH, Lodge Road, 6.30, Mr. J. H. EVANS.
 WEST KIRBY, Brookfield Gardens, 11 and 6.30, Rev. A. D. WILLIAMS.
 WHITBY, Flowergate Chapel, 6, Rev. W. T. WILKINS.
 YORK, St. Salvator's Chapel, 6.30, Supply.

THE NATIONAL UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP provides for those unable to attend a Unitarian Church. For information write to the Secretary, the N.U.F., 14 Gordon Sq., W.C.1.

AUSTRALIA

ARMADALE, Un. Christian Church, Wakefield St., 11 and 7, Rev. COLIN GIBBS.
 MELBOURNE, Unitarian Church, Cathedral Place, C.2; Unitarian Hall—Hour broadcast, 4.15. Services: 4 p.m. second Sunday in each month, Evening, 7 p.m. Rev. V. JAMES.
 SYDNEY, New South Wales, Unitarian Church, 15, Francis Street (off College St.), 7.15, Rev. J. R. TOWNES. Home Telephone LX 5321.
 UNITARIAN FELLOWSHIP OF AUSTRALIA, 1 Gaird Alley, Melbourne, C.1. Minister: Rev. W. BOUTWELL. Meetings as advertised.
 UNITARIAN COMMUNITY CHURCH, Austin Road, Seaford (Vic.). S.S. weekly at 2.15 p.m. Public Worship, fortnightly, 3.15 p.m. Minister: Rev. W. BOUTWELL.

CANADA

MONTREAL, Church of the Messiah, Sherbrooke St. West, and Simpson St., 11, Rev. ANNE CHAMBERLAIN.
 TORONTO, First Un. Ch., 175 St. Clair Avenue West, 11, Rev. W. P. JAMES.
 VANCOUVER, B. C. Unitarian Church of Vancouver, 1,550 Fourth Avenue West, 11, Rev. A. HARRISON.
 WINNIPEG, First Federal Church, Sargent and Banning, 11, English, 2, Icelandic, Rev. P. M. PETERSEN.

NEW ZEALAND

AUCKLAND, Unitarian Church, Parnaby Rd., 11 and 7, Rev. E. H. MANN.
 WELLINGTON, Unitarian Free Church, Todd's Buildings, 100 Lambton Quay, Supply.

SOUTH AFRICA

Cape Town, Hunt St., 11, Sunday School, 7 o'clock Service, Rev. MARION C. RAYNE.

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Printed at THE CHAMBER PRESS, 2 CHAMBER LANE, Strand, LONDON, W.C.2, and Published by THE INQUIRER PUBLICATION CO., LTD., at the Temporary Office, 14 GORDON SQUARE, W.C.1.—Manchester (Wholesale) JOHN BROWN, Exchange Street, Manchester 16, 1951.